Events on the Diamond, in the Ring and on the Turf.

BROOKLYNS PLAY HERE TODAY

a Large Crowd is Expected to Be Present-Results at Benning Yes-

STANDING OF THE CLUBS.

Clubs	Won.	Lost	Per cent
Baltimore	2	0	1000
Chicago	2	0	1000
Pittsburg	3	1	-750
Cincinnati	2	1	.667
Boston	2	1	.667
Brooklyn	1	1	.500
Philadelphia	1	1	+500
Cleveland	1	2	-333
New York	1	2	-333
Louisville	1	3	,250
Washington	0	2	.000
St. Louis	0	2	,000

A large crowd of the gentle sex is expected at the game today between the Senators and Brooklyns. It is the first ladies' day of the season, and the grand appearance. The presence of the ladies will atteact many of the "chappies." in addition to the regulars, and the banner crowd of the season will be the result Brooklyn has played the same number of championship games as the Senators but have succeeded in pulling one vic-tory out. They have been pitted against the Stallings' aggregation, while the Senators have had the strong Oysterburg tossers as opponents. The result of the game this afternoon will be awaited with be hoped that the local "boys" will

Joyce's 'Joints' journeyed to Bosto yesterday, and were defeated by the Beancaters in easy style. Nichols pitched, and the New Yorkers were, only for a brief period in the early part of the game, in it. Doheny and Gettig were

halls-Off Dobeny, 1; off Gettig, 2; off Lewis, 1. Struck out By Dobeny, 2; by Gettig, 5; by Nichols, 2; by Lewis, 1. Double plays-Long, Lowe and Tenney; Davis and Glesson. Left on bases-Bos New York, 5. Passed balls-2 Wild pitch-Doheny, Umpires-Snyder and Curry, Time-1 hour and 45

Harvard University defeated the team of the Catholic University yesterday aftermoon at Columbia Field. The local boys were outplayed by the crimson play-ers at all points. The score:

Home runs-McTighe and Rand. Threebase hit—Houghton. Two-base hit—Bot-ton. First base by errors—Harvard, 2. Left on bases—Harvard, 7: Catholic Uni-versity, 8. First base on balls—Off Hayes, 6; off McTighe, 2. Struck out—By Mc-Tighe, 4; by Hayes, 4. Sacrifice hit— Arrilage hay him to Elberfield with the state of the stat

Hayes. Stolen bases—Lynch (3), Davis, Foster and McTighe. Double play—Hayes, Loughlin and Reid. Hit by pitcher—By McTighe, 2; by Hayes, 1. Umpires—Mc-Cormick and Towny.

Yesterday George Decker signed with the St. Louis Browns, to the satisfaction of every basebail patron in St. Louis. It is understood that his contract calls for \$1,000. The Chicago team left for Louis-ville, and Decker remains to Join Manager Tim Hurst at Sportsman Park tomorrow, when Patsy Tebeau's Indians come in for a series of three games. Decker will, of course, play first base, which means the release of big George Mahoney, the ex-Boston collegian, who has tried the first bag and failed. Mahoney, who started in to pitch for Boston, may be given a chance in the box by Manager Hurst, who thinks the big fellow still has the proper box material in him. Decker said tonight that he had been quoted incorrectly in saying that he hoped he would not be "sentenced" to play in St. Louis. He says he is here to deliver the goods, and will do his best to help land the Browns in the first division. The price paid for the popular first bagman has not been announced.

Nichols, the star of the Boston club, carries a big stock of magnetism with him. Nick's presence is said to have the same effect on a catcher that a lively tune by a clever drum corps has on a troop of worn-out soldiers. Tom Tucker is a good booster for Nick. "I have seen games," said Tucker, "where the Bostons were half a dozen runs behind and were playing listlessly, when suddenly Nichols went in to pitch, and completely turned the thing around." turned the thing around."

turned the thing around."
"The men were instantly imbued with confidence, and began to play hard ball. A brace at the bat finally landed us in the van, and when we walked off the field ctorious, it was all due to Nick. 'He's a wenderful pitcher, considering

his size, and the fact that he uses speed nearly all the time. When Boston loses him it will be a long time before he will

A dispatch from Pittsburg says that W. C. Temple, donor of the Temple Cup, which the League returned last Fall, today severely condemned the prize money practice adopted by a number of clubs this season. He declares that it will have a tendency to encourage betting, which should be avoided to preserve the game. Mr. Temple insists that last Fall he gave the League the names of four players from the Boston team, and four from the Baltimore, who had vio-lated an unwritten rule by dividing the proceeds of the cup games. He asked that they be blacklisted, but the League poshooed his request. He says the League will return to the practice of giving a trophy to the two leaders.

Phillies for the senson. The clever little third baseman is now flat on his back with his legs firmly fixed in a plaster of Paris case, and there is no knowing when he will be in condition to play. Under these circumstances it behoves the management to get a good third baseman at once or else come to terms with Nash. Elberfield is now cripiled in both legs. He hurt his right knee in a practice game at Cape May about March 25, in game at Cape May about March 2, in fielding an awkward grounder—not in a bath tub, as was reported at the time. After returning to this city the little third baseman, although quite lame, continued practice and soon strained his left knee in pretty much the same way as he had the right, says the Philadel-phia Becord this morning. The trouble. Dr. Boger said last even-

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WARSHIPS.

paris cast for a week. Then the plaster will be removed and the joints subjected to a thorough massage treatment for two or three weeks. This treatment, it is hoped, will bring Elberfield around all right, but at best he will hardly be back in the game before June. Tebeau and Breitenstein had less serious accidents to their knees last season, and both were kept out of the game for a long period. Delehanty says he hurt his knee last season, and has not yet fully recovered from the effects of it. Elberfield's higury is very serious, since after he does resume play his knees may give way at any time.

It seems now that the Philadelphia management has nothing left to do but to come to terms with Nash or get some other first-class third baseman, if the team is to finish well up in the race. Abbaticchio might do with more experience, but this is not the time to experience. A bad start in the race will surely described the team.

ment. A bad start in the race will sure-ly demoralize the team. Nash made splendid record on the coast last Win-ter, and says he was never in better shape in his life.

A sporting man says: "Charlie White, in his attempts at revising the boxing rules which bear the name of Queens-burry at present, has encountered many difficulties. Perhaps the most serious is that known as the weight question. The generally recognized weights are bantam, feather, light, weiter, middle, and heavyweights, but six divisions are not enough, weights, but six divisions are not enough, the fighters say. They want a different class for every pound beginning at 98 and ending at 170. Under the new rules there will be a joblot of weights to suit those who prefer fractional paris of the pound, for it is quite certain that no new rules could add to the confusion which preceding at this time. Earry Sullivan. prevails at this time. Barry, Sullivan, Kelly, and others are not bantamweights and, according to the rules of the game, as they have always been interpreted by reliable followers of the sport, they become featherweights when they cease to the feather and lightweights, and it would take all one man's time to keep track of boxers as they classify themselves

man who is handled by Tom Any man who is handled by Tom O'Rourke can feel sure that he will be kept busy, for O'Rourke does not believe in letting a man remain tide so long as there is a chance of a match with a good man. Since O'Rourke has been looking after the fistic fortunes of Walcott he has given that lad many a good so and now given that lad many a good go and now has him scheduled for two others that are has him scheduled for two others that are calculated to make him hustle. The first of these two matches is with Tommy West, of New York, before the Arena Athletic Club, of this city Friday evening, and on Friday last O'Rourke made Walcott return to Rockaway and resume his training for this event. The bout will be a six-round go, and will be as will be a six-round go, and will be as fast a one as though the men were go-ing to a finish. These men have long been rivats and are sure to make it warm for each other.

Eddle Curry, the clever featherweight Eddle Curry, the clever brainstweam boxer of this country, who was recently defeated by Ben Jordan in seventeen rounds in England, arrived in this country on Saturday night with his trainers, Jack Baldock and Billy Belleck. Curry when guestioned about his defeat said that the climate in England did not agree with him, but although he lost he was in with him, but attended to be a con-no way groggy when Selleck, his second, threw up the sponge. In regard to Jor-dan, Curry said that he is a very foul fighter, and lays on his opponent during a clinch until he is pushed away, and while breaking from a clinch he tries to get in a hard swing on the jaw, for which he is

The trouble. Dr. Boger said last evening, is a relexation of the ligament about the knee joint and distocation of the semi-lunar carillage. Dr. Boger says he had no knowledge of the left knee accident until a few days ago. When Elberfield complained of pain. Dr. Boger thought it was rheumatism, but there was no improvement under the treatment for rheumatism, and after a thorough examination, it was found that there was no rheumatism. Now Elberfield is under treatment which he should have had three weeks ago.

Elberfield, Dr. Boger says, is naturally a very loose-jointed youngster, and his case will require careful attention, as the cartilage is liable to slip at any time and lay him up again.

Elberfield will be kept in the plaster of

HIS TERRIBLE REVENGE.

The little adobe house stood flush with the street, half-way between the business houses and the residence portion the sand and sage-covered hills that, breaking into gray waves, far off cast themselves on the beach of blue skyland in great breakers of snow-crested

At the side of the house was a dooryard-so small!-beath hard and smooth as a floor, and without a tree or a bush. There was no grass even at the edge of the sturdy little stream that ran across the square inclosure, talking all day to the old-faced baby in its high-chair under the shake-covered kitchen porch. The stream laughed baby and chuckled and gurgled all day as it hurried across the yard and burrowed under the weather-bleached boards of the high fence, to find its way along the edge of the street, and so on to the river, a quarter of a mile below. But the wee woman-child-owl-eyed truth-Nicolas would not lie. And he and never complaining-sat through the had listened behind the high fence of But the wee woman-child-owl-eyed sunshine hours without one smile on its little old face, and never heeding the

As the days grew hotter its little thin hands became thinner, and it are less and less of the boiled arroz and papas the young mother sometimes brought out when she came to dip water.

"Of a truth, there is no nina so good "Of a truth, there is no nina so good as my 'Stacia; she never, never cries! She is no trouble to me at all," Carmelita would exclaim, and clap her hands at the baby. But the baby only grew rounder-eyed as it stared unsmilingly at its mother's pretty plumpness, and laughing red lips, and big black eyes. whenever she stopped to talk to the lit-

tle one. Carmelita-pretty, shallow-pated Car-Carmelita—pretty, shallow-pated Carmelita—never stayed long; the baby
was so good left alone, and there were
always Anton and Luciano or Monico
to drop in for a laugh with the young
wife of stupid old Lucas; or Josefa coming in for a game of "coyote y gallos."
It was Lucas who went out to the
porch wenever he could spare the time
from earning money to buy the needed
arroz and papas, or the rose-colored
dresses he liked to see her wear.
It was for Lucas she said her first

It was for Lucas she said her first word—the only word she had yet learned—"papa!" And she said it, he thought, as if she knew it was a father's love he gave her, poor little An-astecia, whose father-well, Lucas had never asked Carmelita to tell him. How could he? Let her keep her secret. Poor Carmelita! Only sixteen and no moth-er. And could be, Lucas, see her beaten and abused by that old woman who took her labor and gave her nothing in return? Could be stand by when he saw the welts and bruises and not beg her to let him care for her and the nina? Such a fittle nina, 160? Of a verity he was no longer young; and there was his ugly pock-marked face, to say nothing of the scars the oso gaves him that day of the scars the oso gave him that day when he, a youth, had sent his knife to the hilt in the bear that so nearly cost him his life. The scars were horrible! But Carmelita (so young, so pretty) did not seem to mind; and when the priest came again they were mar-ried, so that Carmelita had a husband and the pobrecita a father.

And such a father! How Lucas loved his little 'Stacia! How tender he was with her, how his heart warmed to the touch of her lips and hands! Why, he grew almost jealous of the red-breasted robin that came daily to sit by the edge of her plate and eat arroz with her! He begrudged the bird's touch of the little sticky hand covered with grains of rice which the robin pecked at so fearlessly. And when the sharp bill hurt the tender flesh, how she would scold! She was not his 'Stacia then at all-no, some baby very different from the solemn little one he knew. There seemed something unearthly in it; and Lucas would feel a sinking of his heart and wish the bird would stay away. It never came when others were there. It never came when others were there. Only from the shelter of window or doorway did he and the others see the little bright bird-eyes watch, with head aslant, the big black ones; or hear the baby bird talk between the two. Every day throughout the long, hot summer the robin came to eat from the nina's that of size who are in her bird. piate of rice as she sat in her high chair under the curling shake awning; and all the while she grew more owleyed and thin. A good ning, she was; and so little trouble.

One day the policy of the ning she was; and so little trouble.

chair under the curling shake awning and all the while she grew more owleyed and thin. A good ning, she was; and so little trouble.

One day the robin did not come. That night, through the open windows of the front room, passers-by could see a table covered with a folded sheet. A very small table—it did not need to be large; but the bed had been taken out of the small, near room to give space for those who came to look at the poor little pinched face under a square of pink mosquito bar. There were lighted candles at the head and feet. Moths, flying in and out of the wide-open window, fluttered about the flames. The rose-colored dress had been exchanged for one white and stiffly starched. Above the wee gray face was a wreath of artificial orange blossoms, but the wasted baby fingers had been closed upon some natural sprays of lovely white hyacinths. The cloying sweetsness of the blossoms mingled with the want of any fluttered about the short of the sad-the mass of the blossoms mingled with the want of the sad-the man-furrowing the hoof-dream man-furrowing the hoof-dream of the side of the sad-the man-furrowing the hoof-dream of the side of the side of the sad-the man-furrowing the hoof-dream of the side of the with your constraints. The character of the side of the s from the farther corners of the room, and the smeil of a flaring kerosene lamp which stood near the window. It flick-ered uncertainty in the breeze and al-ternately lighted or threw into shadow the dark faces clustered about the door-way of the second room. Those who in curiosity lingered for a moment outside the little adobe house could hear voices speaking the soft language of Spain. "Only some Spanish woman's baby

"Only some Spanish woman's baby dead."

Tomorrow, in a little white-painted coffin, it would be borne down the long street, past the saloons and \$5.05, where the idie and the curious would stare at the procession. Over the bridge across the now muddy river they would go to the unfenced graveyard on the bluff, and there the little dead mite of illegitimacy would be lowered into the dust from which it came. Then each mourner in turn would cast a handful of earth into the open grave, and the clods would rattle dully on the coffin lid. (Ah, pobre, pobre Lucas!) Then they would come away, leaving Carmellia's baby there under the ground.

Carmelita herself was now sitting apathetically by the coffin. She dully recognized what tomorrow was to be; but she could not understand what this meant. She had cried a little at first, but now her eyes were dry. But she

but now her eyes were dry. But she was sorry—it had been such a good lit-tle baby, and no trouble at all. "A good nina, and never sick; such a good little "Stacia!" Carmelita felt very sorry for

Outside, in the darkness of the summer night, Lucas sat on the kitchen porch leaning his head against the empty high chair of the pobrecita, and sobbed as if his heart would break. That happened in August. Carmelita

cried very often in September whenever she remembered what a good baby the little Anastacia had been. Then Josefa began coming to the house again to play "coyote y gallos" with her, so that she forgot to cry so often. As for Lucas, he worked harder than

much and liked fun, had said he wanted to see the sport when Lucas should come to ride the old roan. Today Lucas was riding his sleek lit-

Today Lucas was riding his sleek little cow horse, Topo, along the river road leading to the ranche; but not to-day would he rope the old blaze-face. There were others to be broken. Half-way from the bridge he met little Nicolas, who worked for the senor, and passed him with a pleasant "Buenos dias!" without stopping. He had been his good amigo since the time he got him away from the maddened steer that would have gored him—there was nothing the boy would not do for his loved Lucas. But Lucas cared not to stop and talk to him today, as was his custom, he was thinking of the little custom; he was thinking of the little dead 'Stacia, and rode on. A hundred yards further and he heard the clatter of horse hoofs behind him, and Nicolas

He turned the rein on Topo's neck and waited till the boy came. In the pleas-ant, warm October sunlight he waited while Nicolas told him that which would always make him shiyer and feel cold when he should remember. He waited even after Nicolas-frightened at daring to tell his friend-had gone. The senor and Carmelita! It was the weather-biesched boards, and had heard them talk. He and the little stream that gurgled and laughed had heard how they—Carmelita and the senor—would go away to the north when the month ended. They two had loved—the Senor aletcalf and his (Lucas) Carmelita—for many months; yes, before the little Stacia came. The little Stacia when we's the senor. — Ah he cla who was the senor's — Ah, he could not say it! His little Stacis; his pobrecita! And but that the poor little one would have been a trouble, they he and she-would have gone away to-gether before; but the man would not have it. Now the little one was no longer to trouble them, and he would take the mother and go to the new rancho he had just bought away on the other side of the mountain. "Go!" said Lucas when the boy had finished telling all he had overheard— "go and tell the senor that I ride the roan stallion now. And—'Colas, give

me thy riata for today.

Lucas had driven the horses into one of the corrals. Alone there he had iassoed the old blaze-face; unabled he had tied him down. As he lay there viciously biting and trying to strike out with his hind feet, Lucas had fastened a halter on his head and drawn a riata (sixty feet song and strong as the thews of a lion) tight about him just back of his fore legs. Twice he passed it about the heaving body of the old stailion, whose recking hide was muddy with sweat and the grime and dust of the corral. The knots were tied we care. the corral. The knots were tied secure ly and well. The rope would not break. Had be not made it himself from the hide of an old toro? From jaw-piece to jaw-piece of the halter he drew his bound the four hoofs that had been tied together. The horse did not attempt to move, though he was consumed by a rage against his captor that was flendish—the fury of a wild beast that has never been conquered. Lucas strack him across the ribs with

the end of the rope he was holding. The big roan head was lifted from the ground a second, then let fall, and he squealed savagely. Again the ing sides. Again the maddened horse squealed. Whe the rope struck the third time he gathered himself together uncertainty, hesitated, struggled an instant, staggered to his feet and stood quivering in every muscle of his great body. This legs shook under him, and his head-with the bandaged eyesmoved unstendily from side to side.

Then Lucas wound the halter rope, which was heavy and a long one, around the center post of the corral, where they were standing. Just then he heard some one singing,

the voice coming pearer and nearer. A man's voice it was, full and rich, carol-ing a love song, the sound mingling with that of clattering hoofs. Lucas, stooping, picked up the riata belonging to Nicolas. He was carefully recoiling it when Guy Metcalf, riding up to the inclosure, looked down into

the corral,
"Hello, Lucas! Going to have some
fun with the old roan this morning, are
you? Well, you're the boy to ride him.

wasted taby lingers and sprays of lovety apon some natural sprays of lovety white hyacintis. The cloying sweetness of the blossoms mingled with the man-furrowing the hoof-the odor of cigarette-smoke coming the node of the corral-was the farther corners of the room, have the farther corners of the room, have the farther corners of the room. dragged to the needs of the wisd stat-lion. Lucas, giving one hasty look at the face, earth-scraped and smeared, and the full lips that were bleeding under their fringe of gold, saw that-though the quick jerk on the rope had for a moment stunned him—the blue eyes were opening. He was off in an instant—leaving Topo to haid the rista instant-leaving Topo to hold the riata taut-while he began the work of bind-ing the doomed Americane. When he had done, to the doubled right about the roan stallion he made Carmelita's lover fast with the rope he had got from Nicolas. He removed it from the man's neck (the senor should not have his eyes closed too quickly to the val-ley (hrough which he would pass!) and put it about the body, under the arms

Lucas was lingering now over his work like one at some pleasant occupation. The halter rope then was unknotted and the turns unwound from the center post. Next he pulled the handkerchief from the horse's eyes; shouted, and shook his hat at him! Maddened, ter-rified and with the dragging thing at his heels, the four-footed fury fought man and earth and air about him like the very demon that he was, till he come to the gate Lucas had set wid open for him, and he saw again the waves of sage and sand hills—little waves of sweet-scented sage—that rippled away to the mountains he knew. Out there was liberty: out there was the free life of old; and there he could get rid of the thing at his heels that, with all his kicking and plunging and rearing, still dragged at the end of the rope. Out through the wide-open gate he passed, mad with an awful rage, and with the wings of the wind. On and on he swept, marking a trail through the sand with his burden. faring the sand with ms burden. Faster and faster, and growing dim to the sight of the man who stood at the gate of the corral. Away! away to those far-lying mountains that are breakers on the beach of blue skyland!

she forgot to cry so often.

As for Lucas, he worked harder than ever. Though, to be sure, there were only two now to work for where there had been three. With Anton, and Luciano, and Monico, he had been running in wild horses from the mountains; and among others which had failen to his share was an oid blazeface stallion—unmanageable and full of vicious temper. They had been put—these wild ones—in a little pasture on the side of the river—a pasture in the rancho of Senor Metcaif, the Americano. And the senor, who laughed

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> -VS.-Georgetown University. GAME CALLED, 3:20 P. M. SHARP.

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The Professional Rabbit Killer. (From the Detroit Free Press.)

farmer he was doctoring some young fruit and lamenting the destructiveness of the rabbles that were everyoning the place. "I never see such a pest," he growled. "They're jest eatin' up er'ything in sight an' 'bent the only hope I'm havin' is for a crop of ingings which hain't to

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A '98 BICYCLE, \$35, with all the high

their like. You kin talk 'hout ver plante o' did their like. You kin talk 'hout ver plante o' did locuses an' o' grasshoppers, but these here golding rabbits is worse'n all th' res' of 'em rolled up tergether.'

"Hoss." said the lean and housery visitor, solemnly. 'The a perfess'nal rabbit killer. I hain' is skeered of a million of 'em. Turn me loose 'mongst' em and they won't be 'nough of 'em left for seed."

For three days the farmer fed and housed the rabbit exterminator, and he ate like a whole oxcursion. He repeatedly said that he was only

Recognizing the intense interest taken in the American Navy during the present crisis, The Washington Times has made arrangements to issue a series of fine colored lithographs of the American battleships and cruisers. The fifth of the series will be the KENTUCKY, which will be given free with every copy of next SUNDAY'S TIMES. Be sure you keep these pictures. The complete folio will make a most interesting and instructive collection.

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reference established